There's Just Us Three by brokenpromisesandhope

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Steve isn't planning on going to college, until his boyfriend and girlfriend tell him he is.

There's Just Us Three

Author's Note:

> Hello friends,
> I'd die for this ship. I literally wrote this entire thing for Nancy in a skirt, jumping into Steve's arms. Cheers. Also I will write more of this specific AU or anything else you wanna see, I take prompts at mickey-mousemilkovich.tumblr and please COMMENT/KUDOS and I'll probably cry.
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> T
> ps: I researched this and even tho Jonathan's school isn't in NY.. it's 15 mins away. hell yeah. apartment poly life.

It had started their junior year. He'd gotten added in, slowly but surely. It made him smile, looking back at it. How the three of them had fallen into place. There was Nancy. Oh god there was Nancy. And even though he'd been Mr. Popular and she'd been off to the side with her besties, Barb and Jonathan, he'd wanted her. He'd sat by her in all the classes they'd had together and flirted mercilessly, to no avail.

Surprisingly it's Jonathan who connects them. He's always been casual with the guy, had told his asshole friends to leave him alone when they bullied him relentlessly. It wasn't his fault he was poor. Steve was strangely jealous of him, he may be poor, but his family loved him dearly. Steve had all the money he'd ever wanted, but his parents never even talked to him. He couldn't remember a time when either of them had hugged him. Ever.

So he'd been paired with Jonathan for photography, and the guy had been really good at it. And Steve hadn't even realized he'd been flirting, or standing too close, or wearing extra cologne, or keeping a chapstick in his pocket at all times until Jonathan leaned in and pecked him on the mouth as they waited for the polaroids to develop around them.

So Nancy'd been forced to allow him into their group then, no matter how coy she'd tried to act before. He heard from Jonathan later that she'd always liked him, but just thought he was fucking with her. As if he could ever. But once he'd convinced Jonathan he wasn't kidding and he liked her too, and Jonathan explained that he liked Nancy too.

It was super fun, kissing Jonathan breathless and way too heavily for school, just to see Nancy, pink cheeked and out of breath, staring at them. Complimenting her and letting his eyes slowly trail down her body before meeting her eyes, turning on his most charming voice, and compliment her until her blue eyes would go wide and she'd blush and look away. Jonathan would smack the back of his head every time he did it, because Nancy would stumble away stuttering out thanks.

Finally she'd gotten the hint. And they were finally together, even though Steve still felt like he didn't fit all the time. It had been JonathanandNancy for so long, they'd been friends, and in love with each other since they were kids. And then there was Steve, just thrown in with them.

For starters, they had families who actually gave a shit about them. They had curfews and couldn't miss calls from their Mom's. They both had jobs. Because they couldn't afford gas, or going out, or their daily iced coffee without it. And they would never let Steve pay, even though he insisted it was not a big deal. So he visited them all the time. Jonathan worked at the movie theater and always smelt like buttery popcorn. Nancy worked at the daycare down the street and Jonathan would watch her kneel down and talk to the toddlers in the sweetest voice he'd ever heard. They were both smart. So much goddamn smarter than him. And they were constantly tutoring and studying and learning and planning their futures.

Nancy was going to Columbia University. There was no question about it. She had a 4.3 GPA and she scored a 36 on her ACT. And when word got out around school, she'd flipped her hair over her shoulder at the dick Brett Harmon who dare questioned it, and batted her crazy long eyelashes, and said , "well of course I did," but later she'd laid in bed between Steve and Jonathan and cried, admitting she didn't think she'd do it, and what if it still wasn't enough? What

if she was still stuck here, with her parents for the rest of her life?

Jonathan was going to be his wannabe hipster self in Pennsylvania and smoke his packs of cigarettes and take awesome pictures and hopefully learn how to style his hair, Steve teased. They were both so smart and so determined to get the hell out of this little town.

It was too late for Steve. He'd never given any thoughts towards college. His dad told him that he was going to work at his business when he graduated, and while he didn't really want to do that either, he accepted it. So he just smiled and nodded along while they talked about ACT prep, and application fees and college life. He didn't really think anyone noticed.

But of course Nancy did. The thing with them, it was newer, fresh. And combining Nancy into their relationship made the whispers at school even worse, so they tried to keep it under wraps, especially in public. They still hung out a lot, and probably flirted the line between friends and lovers, but there was no outright PDA. Because of this, he felt super insecure about his feelings for Nancy. He knew he loved her, but he had no clue the way she felt about him.

So he's embarrassed when he gets to Nancy's one night, and Jonathan's not there. She explains he'd taken an extra shift, and he nods awkwardly. Nancy lokos beautiful, as always, her hair up in a messy ponytail, still wearing her blouse and skirt from school, though a few more buttons are unbuttoned. She has on a pair of slippers and she grabs his hand, leading him up to her bedroom.
They're on her bed, she's propped up against some pillows, legs stretched out, and he's laying on his stomach, head by her knees, he's trying not to look at her soft thighs, he doesn't know what to do with the fact Jonathan's not here. He doesn't know if he's even allowed to kiss her.

"Steve, pay attention," she says, twirling her pencil.

He groans,

"Why? It's not like I'm gonna need this shit anyway."

"What do you mean? This is basic algebra, you're gonna need it," she

encourages.

“Not if I don’t go to college,” He mutters, staring down at his book.

He hears the silence. He looks up and she’s staring at him, blue eyes wide. Her eyeliner is slightly smudged, but it just makes her look more approachable,

“You’re not going to college?” she asks, shocked.

“No, of course not.”

“Steve,” she says softly, reaching down to card a hand through his hair.

“I’m not, I’m not smart like you and Jonathan, I’m never going to get in anywhere.”

“That’s not true,” she insists.

“Can we take a break?” He asks.

She nods,

“Of course, want some pizza rolls?”

“Oh hell yes.”

That was months ago. Before both Jonathan and Nancy started studying with him. If he thought studying was boring before, when he was pretending like he gave a fuck, it was really boring now that he was actually learning information. In all honesty, he didn’t think it was going to make a difference. With his first shitty ACT score, a 20, and the varying test dates, and application dates, he wouldn’t know until the last minute.

Nancy had already been accepted into Columbia. Jonathan “borrowed” $50 dollars from him to buy her a sweatshirt for her birthday. It was pink, and the Columbia was written in sequins. She’d cried when she’d received it. Steve spent $100 to buy both himself and Jonathan one. (He’d bought Jonathan the pink one too. Just to be a dick.) Jonathan had gotten into the University of Pennsylvania

and they'd all sat around the Byer's tiny kitchen table and drank beers and ate beef stroganoff from a box because Joyce couldn't cook, and Joyce had drank a bit too much and cried while trying to give a toast, and she'd passed out around eight, and then both him and Nancy had make him come until he claimed he couldn't anymore.

It was amazing. And Steve would miss this. He would miss the look of surprise on Jonathan's face when he brought him iced coffee just because. Or the look of concentration Nancy got on her face when she painted her nails. The way Jonathan kissed him so firmly, and was so intent to screw up Steve's hair. Nancy always tried not to, even when she gripped it, while riding his face. He'd miss riding around in Jonathan's car, at night, in the dark, Nancy on his lap, music blasting, smoking a cigarette. He'd miss the way they genuinely cared about him. The way Jonathan would let him take as many of his shirts as he wanted, and never asked for them back. The way Nancy would always bring him leftover food, knowing he hadn't had a home cooked meal in forever.

They will be close to each other for school, and he'll be in fucking Hawkins, Indiana, alone, somehow managing to drive two more people out of his life. It's sad. Disgusting. Pathetic. Much like what his dad would say if he found out he was regularly having sex with a dude.

He applies for a bunch of schools. Nancy helps him. Edits his essays. Bribes him with an insane amount of blowjobs to get him to finish. Jonathan's more subtle. Doesn't force him to do the work the way Nancy does. He offers the choice. But Steve knows what he's really saying. If you love me you'll do it. If you love us, you'll do it.

When he gets home from Nancy's one night, he has a letter. From his number one choice school. His hands are shaking as he stands in the dark, holding it. He wants to open it but he's scared. If he doesn't get in, he's losing the best two people in his life. The most important people. He forces himself to set it down, and head upstairs to shower the cum and scent of sex off of him like he'd originally planned.

It takes a lot longer than he'd thought, and he knows he's avoiding it. He runs through his evening routine and he puts on one of Jonathan's hoodies and a pair of sweatpants. Paces. Plays on his phone. Finally

he slides on a pair of Nike slides, and grabs the still sealed letter, and heads to Jonathan's.

He figures he'll still be up, and if he gets rejected he doesn't even need to tell Nancy. It would still be embarrassing, but at least he wouldn't have to see her smile drop, and then her pretend to smile and insist it's okay, even though she'd spent months tutoring him. Jonathan would just hold him while he cried, and if he was disappointed, it'd be less likely to show than Nancy. He doesn't know if he's ever wanted something more in his life. He needs this. He needs to be with them. Especially out of this town. Away from everyone who'd ever doubted him. Including his parents.

When he pulls up at the Byers house, the outside light is off, and he curses, hopping out of the car, letter in his hand, dialing his number, so as not to wake the rest of his family.

"Hello?" Jonathan asks, still clearly awake.

"Hey, I'm, um, outside."

"Is everything okay?"

"Come let me in?"

"Yeah, hold on."

Jonathan answers the door, looking soft. Hair still damp from his own shower, wearing a long sleeve t-shirt and checkered pajama pants. Steve can't help but throw his arms around him, stepping on his tiptoes to bury his face into his neck. Jonathan hugs him immediately, and Steve pulls away slightly, letting Jonathan kiss his forehead,

"Babe, what's wrong?"

Steve holds up the letter,
"I applied to NYU."

Jonathan's jaw drops open, but Steve can see the hope in his eyes,

"Did you get in?"

Steve bites his lip,

“I haven’t looked. I’m scared.”

“Okay, we can open it together.”

“But what if I don’t get in?” His voice takes on a desperate edge, “I love you, I love Nancy. I love us. And you guys are gonna be all the way over here and I’ll be stuck, here.”

Jonathan caresses the side of his face,

“We’re not leaving you. As long as you want to stay, you’re with us, you hear me?”

“I know but, I have to have something to do, I can’t just, oh god what if I don’t get in,” he starts, panic rising in his chest.

“Stop, let’s look. It’ll be okay,” He takes the envelope from Steve, “Do you want me to, or do you want you to?”

Steve steps back so Jonathan has room to move and tear open the letter,

“You, please.”

“Okay, do you need to sit down?”

Steve shakes his head,

“No, let’s just do it.”

Jonathan nods,

“Okay. Okay.”

Steve closes his eyes, he can hear the tearing of the paper as Jonathan rips open the envelope. He can hear the paper being unfolded.

“Dear Steve Harrington, it is our pleasure to inform you-”

Steve doesn’t even hear what else is said because he drops to the

ground. There's a burning sensation in his eyes from tears springing to them so fast and he chokes out a sob and then Jonathan's arms are around him. They only sit there for a couple minutes before Joyce comes barreling in with a baseball bat,

"What the hell was that?!"

Jonathan looks up and Steve wipes his eyes quickly,

"Steve got into NYC. He's gonna move in with Nancy and I."

Steve looks up and Joyce lowers the bat, face breaking into a smile,

"Congrats sweetheart."

Steve ends up sleeping at Steve's not that he can really sleep. He just lays against Jonathan's chest, inhaling his scent, thinking that he gets to have this for the rest of his life. The only thing missing is Nancy.

Steve wants to die when Will bounds into the room, yelling at them to get up. He groans and tries to grab onto Jonathan's bare torso as he slips out of bed, but he finally gets up with Jonathan comes back with a mug of coffee. He's forced to wear one of Jonathan's school uniforms, in which the shirt is too big and the pants are too tight, and he looks like an idiot, but it's okay cause he's going to college! And he can't wait to tell Nancy!

They're both waiting by her locker when she walks in, hair perfectly curled, wearing one button unbuttoned to show off the locket they'd gotten her for Christmas, which is most definitely against the rules, but the Valedictorian would never get dress-coded, which is also the reason she gets away with wearing her skirt a few inches higher than all the other girls. Probably that and the fact she has nice thighs.

"Good morning!" Both him and Jonathan say.

She raises a perfectly filled in eyebrow,

"What's going on?"

Jonathan nudges him,

“Steve has something to tell you.”

She looks up at him,

“What’s going on?”

He bites his lip,

“I got an acceptance letter back.”

She smiles,

“You did? That’s great! Where’s it from? Are you gonna go?” she demands, blue eyes wide. She’s got in red lipstick today. She’s the most beautiful girl he’s ever seen. And he gets to be with her forever.

“Um, I’m going to NYU.”

Nancy honest to god screams. It takes her half a second, and then she looks at Jonathan and screams, and launches herself into his arms, wrapping her legs around his waist.

“HOLY SHIT! Congrats! I love you! You’re gonna be with us, oh my god!” She kisses him full on the mouth for everyone to see and she breaks away grinning. There’s red lipstick on her left canine now, and he looks up to see pretty much the whole high school staring.

“God, did you forget you were wearing a skirt?” He asks, hands resting on her ass to push her skirt down.

She shrugs,
“I’m wearing cute underwear,”

He laughs at her, she smiles wide, and he notices that her eyes are filled with unshed tears,

“You’re coming to New York?”

He smiles,

“I’m coming to New York.”

She looks over at Jonathan,

“You knew this already?”

“He came over last night,” he confirms.

Nancy looks over at Steve,

“I didn’t want to disappoint you.”

She shakes her head and runs a hand through his hair,

“Baby, you could never disappoint me, come here,” she drags him down for a kiss again, licking into his mouth.

He’s suddenly very away of Jonathan’s hand on his low back, and her legs wrapped around him, when he hears a shout,

“Miss Wheeler! Mr. Harrington! Mr. Byers! What the hell is going on here!”

He drops Nancy and plants herself gracefully, as he rubs his hand across his mouth, trying to remove the lipstick, to no avail he’s sure. Jonathan’s hand just sneaks up his shirt though. Their headmaster, Mr.Williams looks pissed.

“Sorry, um, we were just celebrating sir. Steve got into NYU,” Nancy says, not so subtly tugging down her skirt to the appropriate length.

Mr. Williams actually looks impressed,

“Well congrats Mr. Harrington. However we cannot have you fornicating in the hallway. Especially the,” he looks between them, “the three of you. Now get to class before I give you detention.”

The three of them nod quickly, and they turn, Steve grabbing Nancy’s hand, Jonathan leading them away.

“Hands where I can see them Mr. Byers!” He calls.

Jonathan’s hand slips out from underneath his shirt, and rests it instead, on Steve’s ass. Nancy giggles and Steve tugs her closer to him as Mr. Williams yells,

“Byers!”

The three giggle as they head down the hallway.